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No. 24

# Dennis The MENACE

10c



Byrd Award Winner  
**DENNIS THE MENACE**

"The Best Comic Magazine of  
1958 for its education, interest  
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*Boys Club of America*

Special Year: Champion of the Book

# Dennis THE MENACE



"EEP YOU GUYS! CUT OUT THAT YELLIN' MY MOM'S SICK AN' YELLIN' MAKES HER NERVOUS!"



"AIN'T YOU GONNA EAT ANYTHING?"



"NOT NUTTY. CUCKOO."



"WAKE UP MOM! WE HAD BLUIN' BICE AN' TUD BIRD STUFF IN JUST CASUP!"

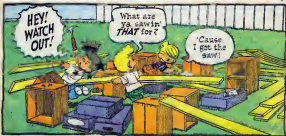
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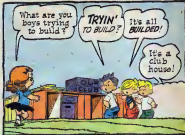
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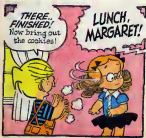


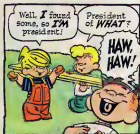














# DOUBLE TALK



When Dennis doesn't understand things, you should explain them to him.

What for? Everything I tell him...



**YOU MEAN I GOT A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH MY HEAD?**



Explain things to him, eh? **WE'VE** got holes in our heads!



Aw! You were kiddin'! I can't see out the other side!

Hmmm!



I'm busy, son. These weeds are spreading like wildfire!

They **ARE?**



**FIRE!**



Look, how would you like to jump in the lake?

Yeah! It's a good day for swimmin'!



I didn't **MEAN** that! Go play somewhere!

You're always sayin' stuff you don't mean!



**HI, MISTER WILSON!**

Wazzat?



You wanna play with me, Mister Wilson?

**PLAY** with you? **Good NIGHT!**



It's not night time, Mister Wilson! The sun's shinin'!

Listen, I'm trying to take a nap. Would you **PLEASE** get out of my hair?



You don't **HAVE** no hair to get into!

He's just a little kid... just a little kid... just a little kid...







"JERRY! Look at all those paper napkins on the ground! Pick them right up, please, and put them in the rubbish bin!"

"Okay, Mom," little Jerry Ross grumbled as he picked up the papers around the table outside their tent. "But I thought we were going to have fun camping. I didn't know we'd have to be tidy here, too, just like at home!"

Mr. Ross looked up from his fishing equipment. "It's even more important to be neat when we're camping," he told his little boy. "If everybody littered up the camp sites, this wouldn't be a very nice place to come to, would it?"

"Guess not," Jerry muttered. He was tired of always being told to pick things up, and put things away, and be neat and tidy.

"Cheer up, son," his father grinned. "Let's you and me go catch some nice fat trout for dinner! How about that?"

"I don't want to!" Jerry said stubbornly. "I want to go in the woods and see all the wild animals."

"All right, dear," his mother smiled. "But I don't think you'll see anything wilder than squirrels around here."

"Say, that's a good idea, Mom!" Jerry said. "I'll take some peanuts and go feed the squirrels. Okay?"

"Well, if you want to." His mother filed a bag of peanuts and gave them to Jerry. "Be sure to stay on the trail, though," she told him. "And don't be gone long. We're having dinner soon."

"As soon as I catch some fish," Mr. Ross chuckled, heading for the stream.

Walking along the trail through the heavy woods, Jerry was glad to be alone. He knew he had to be neat, but he didn't like hearing about it all the time. Out here in the woods, he could throw peanut shells on the ground and nobody would tell him not to. He started shelling peanuts and munching happily on them as he went along, looking for squirrels. And at last he saw one, sitting on the branch of a tree beside the trail.

"Here, squirrel!" Jerry called, holding up a peanut. "Come and get your dinner!" But the startled squirrel darted down the tree and into the brush. Little Jerry ran after it, chasing it around trees and through bushes until finally he lost it. But he didn't mind too much, if the squirrels didn't want his peanuts, that was all the more for him to eat. He walked through the quiet woods, eating the peanuts, not realizing that he had left the trail and was heading away from the camp area toward the wildest part of the country around there.

Back at camp, Mrs. Ross busied herself about the tent, getting everything in order and making preparations for dinner. Then she walked down to the stream where Mr. Ross was fishing. "Any luck?" she called.

"Yes, all had," he said glumly. "They just aren't biting today. Guess you'll have to open us a couple of cans of beans."

"Beans, indeed!" Mrs. Ross smiled. "No, we'll have bacon and eggs. Better come along, now, and call Jerry."

Back at the tent, Mr. Ross called and called, but no Jerry showed up. "He's probably gone pretty far up the trail," he reassured Mrs. Ross. "You start dinner and I'll walk up and get him."

He set out up the trail, calling Jerry's name. Halfway up the trail, he met another camper coming down. "Say, did you see a little boy on the trail, six years old, a little red-headed?"

"Why, no?" the camper said. "And I've been all the way to the end, about five miles. Your little boy must have wandered off the trail. If I were you, I'd get the Park Ranger. This is pretty rough country and he knows it better than anybody."



Alarmed now, Mr. Ross ran back to camp. "Jerry seems to have wandered into the woods," he told Mrs. Ross. "But don't worry, we'll get the Ranger and he'll find him all right!"

When the Ranger heard the story, he hurried at once with the Rosses up the trail. His sharp eyes darted everywhere, but he couldn't see where Jerry had left the trail.

"Your little boy didn't have any idea of running away, did he?" he asked. "Sometimes kids do and it makes it tough to find them if they hide."

"I'm sure he didn't," Mrs. Ross said anxiously. "Oh, just before he left he got a little scolding for not picking things up, but I don't think that would make him run off!"

"All right," the Ranger said. "I'll make up a search party of the other campers and we'll comb the woods. Don't worry. We'll find him!"

Meanwhile, deep in the woods, Jerry was sitting on a fallen tree, eating his last peanut. He hadn't found any squirrels and he was tired. He got up to start home and looked around. Which way was the camp? In his wandering he had twisted and turned, avoiding bushes and trees, until now he didn't know which way to start back! Then he heard faint shouts, and once in a while a pistol shot. But the hills rolled the echoes around so much that he couldn't tell which direction they were coming from. He was beginning to get scared. Then he looked down at the ground and he had an idea!

Darkness was coming on when the search party, scratched and weary from combing the woods, assembled on a signal from the Ranger. "We've missed him, folks," he told Mr. and Mrs. Ross. "He may have fallen asleep under a bush or something. He couldn't have come all this way. Let's head back to the camp and I'll call the Sheriff's office for bloodhounds. They'll find him all right!"

"Please hurry!" Mrs. Ross said. "The poor little fellow must be awfully frightened by now, all alone in the woods!"

Mr. and Mrs. Ross were almost worn out with exhaustion and worry by the time they reached their tent with the Ranger. "Take it easy, folks," he told them. "We'll have the bloodhounds here in no time and . . ." He broke off in amazement as a voice piped up. Little Jerry's!

"Hi, Mom, Dad! Where have you been? Is dinner ready?"

It was Jerry all right, coming out of the tent. His mother rushed to him and gathered him in her arms. "Thank goodness you're back! We thought you were lost in the woods!"

"Well, maybe I was, a little," Jerry said. "But I found my way back good, didn't I?"

The Ranger told Mr. Ross: "I didn't want to worry you folks, but grown men have been lost in these woods for days!" Then he said to Jerry. "You were mighty lucky to get out of there all by yourself, sonny! How did you do it?"

"It was easy," Jerry said. "When I thought I was lost, I saw a peanut shell on the ground and I remembered what Mom was always telling me about picking up stuff."

"A peanut shell?" asked the Ranger, puzzled. "What did that have to do with finding your way out?"

"I was eating peanuts and dropping the shells all the way through the woods," Jerry told him. "So when I remembered what Mom always told me, I just went looking for peanut shells and followed them all the way back to the trail!"

"Well, that was pretty smart, son!" Mr. Ross said happily.

"I was just doing what Mom told me," Jerry said. "And look, Mom, I picked up all the peanut shells! I guess it pays to be tidy after all, huh?"

"It certainly did this time," Mrs. Ross said, hugging him. "But let's not prove it this way again, shall we?"



# punky









R.M. HALL  
ENTERPRISES

**DENNIS**  
**V.P.**

(VERY PESTY)



**OH, DEAR!**  
*I FORGOT  
MY  
WALLET!*

What  
do you  
need  
money  
for?  
This is  
a **GIFT**  
shop,  
isn't it?



My husband's  
office is just  
around the  
corner, and I  
can get the  
money from  
him. Would  
you hold that  
for me?

Certainly!

*I'll hold  
it for ya,  
Mom! I  
won't  
drop it!*









HEY, DAD! COME  
OUTTA THAT BOX!



BE QUIET, DEVINIS! Daddy's not  
in that box... he's just tied  
up in a conference!

And he can't  
get **LOOSE!**



Come along, now!  
We'll wait in  
Daddy's office.

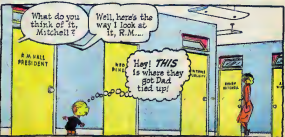
But I'm **GOOD**  
at untyin'  
knots, Moon!

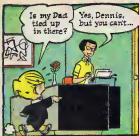


What do you  
think of it,  
Mitchell?

Well, here's the  
way I look at  
it, R.M....

Hey! **THIS**  
is where they  
got Dad  
tied up!





THAT MODEL COST HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO MAKE!

I'LL SEE YOU IN YOUR OFFICE, MITCHELL!

All right, R.M. I can't tell you how sorry...

I don't hafta be carried!



Gosh, I thought you was all tied up, Dad!

I'm FIT to be tied right now!



ALICE, didn't I ask you NOT to bring Dennis to the office?

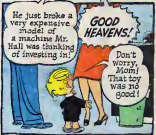
But we were shopping, and...



He just broke a very expensive model of a machine Mr. Hall was thinking of investing in!

GOOD HEAVENS!

Don't worry, Mom! That toy was no good!



I'd like a word with you, Mitchell!

Er... of course, R.M.!

WHAT word? let ME guess!

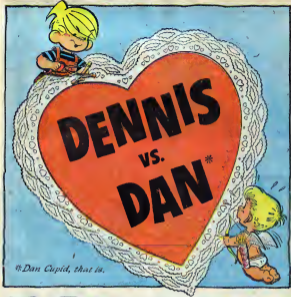


WILL YOU PLEASE BE QUIET?

I just wanna play the game!







Hi, Margaret!  
What kinds  
cookies you  
got today?

Just like a man!  
The way to your  
heart is through  
your stomach!



What's  
through  
my stomach?

Oh, that's just  
an expression.



Do you believe in  
long engagements,  
Dennis?

Guess  
so.



And do you  
believe in large  
families?

Um-hm.



When do you  
think we should  
get married?

Any  
of  
time.



I **CAN'T** get married...I'm just a little kid! An' besides...I gotta finish a football game.



I don't mean right now, silly!

I gotta play **TOMORROW**, too!



You're going to have to get married **SOME** day, Dennis!

Okay... some day when I'm not busy!



Look at your mother and father! **THEY'RE** happy!

Well, look at **ME!** I'M happy, too!



Wait, Dennis! When we're married I'll bake lots of cookies, and pies, and cakes!

No foolin'! Mmmmm-boy!



Now we'll tell your mother that we're engaged!

And I'll tell her all 'bout that good stuff to eat!





Dennis! Don't walk through that mud!

Hub?



That's what mud's FOR!

Well, I'M not going to walk through it!



Okay! **RUN** through it!

Well! My... my...



Didn't you ever hear of Sir Walter Raleigh?

No... is he a new kid round here?



HE laid his coat in the mud so the Queen wouldn't get her shoes muddy!

Boy! I bet his Mom gave him a good spankin'!



Take off your coat, Dennis! Remember... cookies... cakes...

Okay, okay!







END

# Dennis THE MENACE



"LET'S NOT TALK FOR ANGLE CRAW!"



"NOT SO HOT! YOU'LL SHRINK ME!"



"I'M GONNA WORK FOR THE BRANCH! WE'LL GONNA GIVE ME FIVE CENTS A DAY TO GO AWAY FROM HOME!"



"I ALWAYS HANG BEHIND THIS HAT. THAT'S WHERE I TUCK MY BUBBLE GUM."

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